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G. W. HAGENBUCH, General Agent,
906 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

INTERROGATION

By Jack London

CHAPTER I

To say the least, Mrs. Sayther's career in Dawson was meteoric. She arrived in the spring, with dog sleds and French-Canadian voyageurs, blazed gloriously for a brief month, and departed up the river as soon as it was free of ice. Now womanless Dawson never quite understood this hurried departure, and the local Four Hundred felt aggrieved and lonely till the Nome strike was made and old sensations gave way to new. For it had delighted in Mrs. Sayther, and received her wide-armed. She was pretty, charming, and, moreover, a widow. And because of this she at once had at heels any number of Eldorado Kings, officials, and adventuring younger sons, whose ears were yearning for the froufrou of a woman's skirts.

The mining engineers revered the memory of her husband, the late Col. Sayther, while the syndicate and promoter representatives spoke awesomely of his deals and manipulations; for he

was known down in the States as a great mining man, and as even a greater one in London. Why his widow, of all women, should have come into the country, was the great interrogation. But they were a practical breed, the men of the Northland, with a wholesome disregard for theories and a firm grip on facts. And to not a few of them Karen Sayther was a most essential fact. That she did not regard the matter in this light, is evidenced by the neatness and celerity with which refusal and proposal tallied off during her four weeks' stay. And with her vanished the fact, and only the interrogation remained.

To the solution, Chance vouchsafed one clew. Her last victim, Jack Coughran, having fruitlessly laid at her feet both his heart and a five-hundred-foot creek claim on Bonanza, celebrated the misfortune by walking all of a night with the gods. In the midwatch of this night he happened to rub shoulders with Pierre Fontaine, none other than

head man of Karen Sayther's voyagers. This rubbing of shoulders led to recognition and drinks, and ultimately involved both men in a common muddle of inebrity.

"Heh?" Pierre Fontaine later on grgled thickly. "Vot for Madame Sayther mak visitation to thees country? More better you spik wit her. I know ho tin'g 'tall, only all de tam her ask one man's name. 'Pierre,' her spik wit me; 'Pierre, you mooch—one thousand dollar you find thees mans.' Thees mans? Ah, oui. Thees man's name—vot you call—Daveed Payne. Oui, m'sieu, Daveed Payne. All tam her spik das name. And all de tam I look rount vaire mooch, work lak hell, but no can find das dam mans, and no got one thousand dollar 'tall. By dam!"

"Heh? Ah, oui. One tam dose mens vot come from Circle City, dose mens know thees mans. Him Birch Creek, dey spik. And madame? Her say 'Bon!' and look happy lak anyt'ing. And her spik wit me. 'Pierre,' her spik, 'harness de dogs. We go queek.' We find thees mans I gif you one thousand dollar more." And I say, 'Oui, Queek! Allons, madame!'

"For sure, I t'ink; das two thousand dollar mine. Bully boy! Den more mens come from Circle City, and dey say no, das thees mans Daveed Payne, come Dawson leel tam back. So madame and I go not 'tall."

"Oui, m'sieu. Thees day madame spik. 'Pierre,' her spik, and gif me five hundred dollar, 'go buy poling-boat. Tomorrow we go up de river.' Ah, oui, tomorrow, up de river, and das dam Sitka Charley mak me pay for de poling-boat five hundred dollar. Dam!"

Thus it was, when Jack Coughran unburdened himself next day, that Dawson fell to wondering who was this David Payne, and in what way his existence bore upon Karen Sayther's. But that very day, as Pierre Fontaine had said, Mrs. Sayther and her barbaric crew of voyagers towed up the east bank of Klondike City, shot across to the west bank to escape the bluffs, and disappeared amid the maze of islands to the south.

CHAPTER II

"Oui, madame, thees is de place. One, two, t'ree island below Stuart River. Thees is t'ree island."

As he spoke, Pierre Fontaine drove his pole against the bank and held the stern of the boat against the current. This thrust the bow in, till a nimble breed climbed ashore with the painter and made fast.

"One leel tam, madame, I go look see."

A chorus of dogs marked his disappearance over the edge of the bank, but a minute later he was back again.

"Oui, madame, thees is de cabin. I mak investigation. No can find mans at home. But him no go vaire far, vaire long, or him no leave dogs. Him come queek, you bet!"

"Help me out, Pierre. I'm tired all over from the boat. You might have made it softer, you know."

From a nest of furs amidships, Karen Sayther rose to her full height of slender fairness. But if she looked lily-frail in her elemental environment, she was belied by the grip she put upon Pierre's hand, by the knotting of her woman's biceps as it took the weight of her body, by the splendid effort of her limbs as they held her out from the perpendicular bank while she made the ascent. Though shapely flesh clothed delicate frame, her body was a seat of strength.

Still, for all the careless ease with which she had made the landing, there was a warmer color than usual to her face, and a perceptibly extra beat to her heart. But then, also, it was with a certain reverent curiosity that she approached the cabin, while the flush on her

cheek showed a yet riper mel-lowness.

"Look, see!" Pierre pointed to the scattered chips by the woodpile. "Him fresh—two, t'ree day, no more."

Mrs. Sayther nodded. She tried to peer through the small window, but it was made of greased parchment which admitted light while it blocked vision. Failing this, she went round to the door, half lifted the rude latch to enter, but changed her mind and let it fall back into place. Then she suddenly dropped on one knee and kissed the rough-hewn threshold. If Pierre Fontaine saw, he gave no sign, and the memory in the time to come was never shared. But the next instant, one of the boatmen, placidly lighting his pipe, was startled by an unwonted harshness in his captain's voice.

"Hey! You! Le Goire! You mak'm soft more better," Pierre commanded. "Plenty bear-skin; plenty blanket. Dam!" But the nest was soon after disrupted, and the major portion tossed up the crest of the shore, where Mrs. Sayther lay down to wait in comfort.

Reclining on her side, she looked out and over the wide-stretching Yukon. Above the mountains which lay beyond the further shore, the sky was murky with the smoke of unseen forest fires, and through this the afternoon sun broke feebly, throwing a vague radiance to earth, and unreal shadows. To the sky-line of the four quarters—spruce-shrouded islands, dark waters, and ice-scarred rocky ridges—stretched the immaculate wilderness. No sign of human existence broke the solitude; no sound the stillness. The land seemed bound under the unreality of the unknown, wrapped in the brooding mystery of great spaces.

Perhaps it was this which made Mrs. Sayther nervous; for she changed her position constantly, now to look up the river, now down, or to scan the gloomy shores for the half-hidden mouths of back channels. After an hour or so the boatmen were sent ashore to pitch camp for the night, but Pierre remained with his mistress to watch.

"Ah! him come thees tam," he whispered after a long silence, his gaze bent up the river to the head of the island.

TO BE CONTINUED

New Type of Oil

The oil from the large well recently drilled by the Myles Mineral Co. at Pine Prairie, La., is remarkable, according to an analysis made by the United States Geological Survey, in that it contains no asphalt, gasoline, or paraffin wax. The crude product contains a very large percentage of illuminating oil. In composition the oil stands about halfway between the oil of the Gulf field and that of the Caddo field.

The well has been connected with pipe lines and loading rack on the Rock Island Railroad, from which shipments are now being made. Eight other wells are in process of drilling.

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Full details for the construction of safes for containing household valuables are a feature of the June Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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per A. F. ARRINGTON, Owner

The World's Largest Fish Hatchery

The largest and most elaborate fish hatchery in the world is now in process of construction at Pratt, Kan. This project was authorized and provided for by the Kansas legislature last year. It will cost \$150,000. None of the fish hatcheries ever built by the government has exceeded the cost of \$25,000.

The Kansas hatchery will be one mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width. It will contain 100 ponds, averaging an acre in size and 6 feet deep. When compared to other hatcheries already in existence this project seems a stupendous undertaking since most of the largest hatcheries of the country cover only a dozen or more acres of water.

The building of this great Kansas fish hatchery includes the construction of a concrete dam, 500 feet long, across the Ninnescah River, which will furnish a supply lake of 10 acres. Water from this lake will be carried to the hatchery, nearly 3 miles distant, through 21-inch pipes, which connect separately with each individual pond. The system also includes 190 sluice gates, 94 concrete structures and appurtenances for handling and controlling the water supply.

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Most elderly people are troubled in this way, with accompanying symptoms of belching, drowsiness after eating, headaches and general lassitude. Frequently there is difficulty of digesting even light food. Much mental trouble ensues, as it is hard to find a suitable remedy. First of all the advice may be given that elderly people should not use salts, cathartic pills or powders, waters or any of the more violent purgatives. What they need, women as well as men, is a mild laxative tonic, one that is pleasant to take and yet acts without griping.

The remedy that fills all these requirements, and has in addition tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which thousands of elderly people use, to the exclusion of all other remedies. Trustworthy people like Mr. John W. White, Mayview, Mo., and Mrs. Eleanor Olson, Mountain Grove, Mo., say they take it at regular intervals and in that way not only maintain general good health, but that they have not in years felt as good as they do now. You will do well to always have a bottle of it in the house. It is good for all the family.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying, it is the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. R. Caldwell, 405 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

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